

then plainly see that the rebels were flanking us, and knowing that it was folly to stand any longer, we were ordered to march in retreat, "double-quick." Just as we started the rebels, with a cheer, started on a charge after us.

Orders were given to run till we got to the regiment, which we knew would halt as soon as they heard the firing, and we did run, too. I don't think my legs ever carried me over so much ground in so short a space of time before. It was a race for life, and whoever gave out was sure to fall into the hands of the rebels, who, like a pack of howling wolves, were within 20 rods of us, screaming at the top of their voices. Thousands of bullets came singing around us, knocking the dirt and stones about our feet and cutting the brush beside us, and at times so close to my head that I could feel my ears and cheeks tingle. Still, I escaped.

It was nearly a mile to where the regiment was, and when I got there I was so

most magnificent sight to see the long lines of troops and to witness the effect of our artillery.

We had about 30 cannon in position, and they fired as rapidly as they could, making the ground tremble, and then I could plainly see the shells burst. The rebels at one time advanced in three solid lines, I should think nearly a mile long, and our cannon just opened the shell and canister into them, opening huge gaps in their ranks at every discharge. They finally broke and ran. While lying under our guns a shell burst from one of our own guns and

BROKE THE ARM OF

Lieut. Stevens, of my company.

Gen. Burdette, with his staff, was on the hill near me watching the fight. He would now send an Aid with instructions for some brigade or division, then give some order to an orderly, then dismount to speak to some officer.

At one time he got off of his horse and looked down at the ground, as if in a reverie; he passed twice within 8 or 10 feet of me. Anyone could plainly see that the responsibility hung heavily upon him. I would not

mishers have dug. There is one man in a hole. At 9 o'clock at night the rebels got down from the regiments, and part of them take their places in the pits and the rest stay in the houses. Those that go in at 9 o'clock stay in all night, and just before daylight the reserves take their places and the others stay in the houses, then at night



GEN. LONGSTREET.

they change places again, and at 9 o'clock the new detail comes from camp and relieves the whole. The orders are for the skirmishers, if attacked in force, to set fire to the buildings and fall back to the intrenchments on the hill.

Night before last I was detailed to go out. I was put on first and stood all night. Just before daylight we were relieved and went into one of the deserted houses close by the railroad.

As soon as it was light they began to fire. The rebel skirmishers are not more than 40 rods from our line, and there was constant firing all day between our boys and the rebels.

At dark I was put on again, and had been on about two hours, and was looking anxiously for the relief, when the line just to the right was attacked by the rebels. They cheered, and made a rush and fired a volley.

It was only intended for a scare, and it succeeded admirably. The boys to the right (belonging to the 27th Mich.) fired a few shots and set fire to about 20 buildings, and fell back to the railroad. The officers, however, soon halted the men and sent them back again. The reserves, who were in the buildings, were sent to support us, so we had two or three in each pit. The buildings soon began to blaze, and it up the whole country as light as day. We kept a good lookout, but not a rebel was to be seen, and all was quiet as could be.

IT LOOKED STRANGE

to see the houses burn and not a soul near them. There was one large brick round-house belonging to the railroad, a monstrous building that must have cost a good many thousands of dollars. In some of the buildings there was a large amount of ammunition concealed, probably by the rebels. When the fire got to it it exploded. There were 200 or 300 shells, and as much as 20,000 or 25,000 rounds of metallic carbine cartridges. The firing of these was as rapid and heavy as any engagement I ever heard. They had to wait until the fires died down before they

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"SUSPENDED."

Under the Recent Decision.

Some Who Have Lost Their Pensions

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Ind., was included in the order. He was a good soldier, but is now a total wreck, and had no means of support excepting his pension. He has a wife and two children dependent upon him. He lives in Springfield, Ill.

Lewis D. Corbin, of Springfield, Mass., is on the list. He served in Co. A, 40th Mass., and incurred disabilities which have broken down his constitution. He was in receipt of \$8 per month from the Government, and now, in his 62d year, he has this withdrawn.

Read "Better than a Pension" on page 3.

WHOLESALE SUSPENSION.

Twenty-five Pensioners in One Town Cut Off by the Pension Office.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Twenty-five of the pensioners in this vicinity, who sent in their vouchers July 4 for payment, have failed to receive their money. No official notice has been received from any source as to why payment is withheld, and they do not know whether they are suspended or dropped from the roll.

Several of the comrades have written the paying Agent, and have been "fraternally" informed that their pensions are suspended by order of Commissioner Lochren. Others have written to Commissioner Lochren asking him to inform them why he has ordered their money withheld, and in no case has he vouchsafed a word in reply.

We are aware that many of our comrades, who were receiving pensions under the 1890 act, have been suspended pending investigation, but nearly all of the 25 cases above mentioned were old soldiers who served from two to four years, and have been drawing their pensions from three to 25 years. All but one of these were granted pensions on account of the old law, long before the 1890 act was thought of.

We think it a great injustice, and it is in many cases a real hardship to have withheld from us the money promised by the Government we fought for, and whose bond we held for its payment. We do not recognize the right of any man to call in the vouchers of this Government, and then withhold the money they represent.

What we want to know is whether Hoke Smith can legally keep back our pensions because of the money promised by the Government we fought for, and whose bond we held for its payment. We do not recognize the right of any man to call in the vouchers of this Government, and then withhold the money they represent.

Read "Better than a Pension" on page 3.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A Survivor in This Country Visiting the World's Fair.

One of the survivors of the famous Light Brigade, which made the memorable charge at Balaklava, is now in this country, on his way to the Chicago Exposition, is James Holroyd, of Ormskirk, England. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, who, in spite of 73 years to his credit, carries himself with military erectness.

"Yes," he said; "I am one of the three survivors still living in England of the celebrated charge at Balaklava, which was a Sergeant-Major in the brigade of the Earl of Cardigan. The charge was made during a battle between the Russians and English and their allies on Oct. 25, 1854. The charge was made in complete darkness, and the Light Brigade was ordered to capture a battery of Russian guns under a terrific cross-fire from other Russian batteries. Out of 600 men who charged less than 50 remained. I was quite seriously wounded in the left leg, and, as you see, am obliged to walk with a limp as a result."

"I was decorated by the Queen's own hands with the Victoria Cross on June 18, 1855. Of course all the survivors of the Light Brigade were decorated. Yes, I receive a pension of eight shillings per week. That would be \$2, you know, in your money. It isn't much, and I don't at my trade of shoemaking and by instructions in fencing, etc. Besides the Victoria Cross, I received a silver medal for bravery on the field of battle in India. I have all the good-conduct stripes, and my rank, that of Sergeant-Major, is the highest to which a non-commissioned man may attain in the English army."

Popular Whitecraft in England.

[Harper's Magazine.]

The extent to which whitecraft abounds today in England is considerably underestimated. Sergeant-gilt dragon's blood and throw it on the fire in order that they may see in its smoke the faces of their future husbands. One man, who bought large quantities of it, confessed that he burnt it to make his curses more potent and sure. He got a decent living by cursing professionally the enemies of other people. Within a few hundred yards of where I am writing this there lives a young woman who is thriving in spite of a pronounced witch, and, as a neighbor expresses it, "there are on some days three or four 'carriage' ladies come to consult her."

There have been in scores of houses upon the doors of which there are horseshoes nailed for luck. My landlady almost shrieks murder if by chance I place a shoe upon the table. On the last night of the old year her husband sat at a quarter of twelve and then came home to let in the new year. Nobody but the husband must let it in. They were angry when I called this superstition. One swallow makes a summer in some folk's eyes. Once my landlady let some friend in first, and all that year nothing save bad luck and sickness came to that house. If our maid sees two ravens on my plate, or two spoons in my sauce, she clears everything away save the food, and the cloth; then she stands gazing at me fixedly like a stuffed pig, and I have positively to remove one knife or spoon before she will let the plates be put on the table.

In the cottages, when winter fires are burning, both young and old seize hold of the cinders that fly out from the grate and decide as to whether they represent coffins or money-boxes. Windy sheets on the tallow candles bring dismay and dread into many faces. Tea sticks that swim in the cup represent strangers, and are avoided with a view to discover whether the visitor will be a friend or foe. Death-watches, magpies, and gray horses are symbolic, and forlorn good or evil, according to circumstances.—Charles Roper.

Read "Better than a Pension" on page 3.

Bedouin Superstitions.

[Harper's Magazine.]

The Bedouin is full of horse superstitions. His horse is much like him, but less than that of our old-fashioned livestock of a past generation. He knows a horse's habits and diseases by observation only; he has no idea of anatomy. Every species of wild trouble to which the horse is subject he merely describes as "a bad thing," and he is completely satisfied with a system of old laws. For lameness he has but one remedy, the hot iron. His horse will work to 30 or even 25 years old, but he is a weak creature, and he is not fit to buy for more than a few marks.

In feeding and watering the horse the Bedouin seems to be equally unreasoning, unless it be agreed that the horse can stand anything he is used to, and that it is well to get him used to irregular habits.

The fact that the Arab has often to go an indefinite time without food or drink makes him hardy and less apt to suffer than our regularly-treated animals. He goes all day in the hot sun, and does not ask for water—impatiently, at least—until he is crossing a brook. He is fed and watered apparently regardless of the fact that he is hot or tired. He is given his pail of water and his troughful of dry or green food at noon, when he is near a stream, without anyone trying to water them, because they had no bucket and the banks were high. It would never occur to a Bedouin to carry a skin pail with him, and he is accustomed to such neglect, and never even whinnies for the water gurgling past them.—Col. T. A. Dodge, U.S.A.

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HARPER'S FERRY.

(Continued from first page.)

and with the action being known to but few of his own comrades.

During the two days inside the Confederate lines his extra amount of clothing had not been discovered, and afterwards successfully passed the search-guards at the river crossing. After we were once more within the Union lines he produced the old flag, and with the assistance of some comrade had procured a horse, and thus mounted was galloping to the head of the column, with the banner once more flung to the breeze. It was indeed a thrilling sight to us, as it was supposed that all our flags had been left in.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE REBELS.

The remembrance of the things in the knapsack I had left on Bolivar Heights came to me on the second day's march, as we were taking a brief rest near a little brook. While lying down there I was aroused by Comrade Hub Moore, who told me that an Ohio man out in the road was looking for Sanderson, of the 9th Vt. After presenting myself the Ohio comrade said to me, at the same time drawing a little package from his pocket and handing it to me:

"I have something here which may be of interest to you."

Without saying more he quietly waited until I had opened the package. If I had been suddenly struck blind I should not have been more surprised. There in my hands was my little Testament which I had supposed was in the possession of some Johnny reb, photograph of my best girl, one of myself, and a letter from my mother received while in Winchester, Va. I could scarcely speak for an instant, but finally managed to say, "Where did you get these?"

"Well," said he, "after the surrender, and we had turned over everything to the rebels, I took a stroll out."

AMONG THE JOHNNIES.

And while tramping around I noticed at one place several men having a good time overhauling some captured knapsacks. One man was looking over some letters, etc., taken from a little writing-case, and he also disclosed some photographs. Curiosity caused me to stop and watch him, and